THE Mock Mourners.

A

SATYR,

By way of

ELEGY

ON

King *WILLIAM*,

The Second Edition Corrected.

By the Author of

The True-born Englishman.

London, Printed 1702.

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TO THE QUEEN.

MADAM,

YOUR Majesty has so often declar'd Your just Concern for the Nations Loss, and your Value for the Memory of the late King: You have so publickly approved his Conduct, so Visibly mov'd in the same Steps, and pursu'd the wise Measures of this Your Glorious Ancestor, *that it cannot be thought displeasing to Your Majesty, to reprehend those who make a Mock at the Sorrow of Your Majesty and Three Nations.*

Your Majesty was the first who told us he cou'd not be sufficiently lamented. *May those who are not of the same Mind find no Favour with Your Majesty, nor their Maker, till they repent that Sin against his Merit, and the Voice of their Native Country.*

Here are no Reflections upon Your Majesties Houshold, *or* Council, *or* Courts of Justice, *or* either House of Parliament, *and consequently no Offence against Your Royal Proclamation. 'Twou'd be an Affront to Your Majesty to imagine there were any under all those Heads of Your Government cou'd deserve the Reproof of the following* Satyr. *Your*

To the QUEEN.

Your Majesty has an entire Possession of the Hearts of your people, but their Affection is still the deeper rooted by that generous Sorrow you have expres'd for the Loss of him to whom they owe the full Possession of their Liberty under Your Government.

How they can be faithful Subjects to Your Majesty that were not true Friends to such a King, is a Mystery out of humane Understanding, since the Happiness we enjoy by Your Government proceeds from his defending us against those who wou'd not have had Your Majesty to Reign over us.

'Twou'd be a Crime against Your Majesty, which deserv'd no Pardon to suggest you shou'd be offended at that part of Satyr *which points at our Immoralities: Your Majesties Example, as well as Command, has encourag'd us all to* declare VVar *against Vice, and there we are sure of Your Royal Protection.*

For the rest, if an extraordinary Concern for the Glorious Memory of the late King has led the Author into any Excesses, he begs Your Majesty wou'd place it to the Account of that just Passion *every honest Man retains for his extraordinary Merit, believing that no Man can have an Indifferency for the Memory of* King VVilliam, *and at the same time have any Desire for the Welfare of his Native Country.*

While Your Majesty *pursues the true Interest of* England, *the* Protestant Religion, *and the Welfare of* Europe, *as he did, you will have the same Enemies that he had, the same to oppose* You *abroad, and reproach* You *at home; but* You *will thereby engage all* Your *honest* Subjects *to adhere the firmer to their Duty, all* Your Protestant Neighbours *to depend upon* Your Protection, *and* God *shall Crown* Your Majesty *and these Nations with His* Special Favour *and Benediction.* Amen.

A SATYR, &c.

SUCH has been this Ill-Natur'd Nations Fate,
Always to see their Friends and Foes too late;
By Native Pride, and want of Temper led,
Never to value Merit, till 'tis Dead:
And then Immortal Monuments they raise,
And Damn their Former Follies by their Praise,
With just Reproaches Rail at their own Vice,
And Mourn for those they did before despise:
So they who *Moses* Government defied,
Sincerely sorrow'd for him when he Died.

And so when *Britain*'s Genius fainting lay,
Summon'd by Death, which Monarchs must obey:
Trembling, and Soul-less half the Nation stood,
Upbraided by their own Ingratitude.

They, who with true born Honesty before,
Grudg'd him the Trophies he so justly wore,
Were, with his Fate, more than himself dismay'd,
Not for their King, but for themselves afraid:
He had their Rights and Liberties restor'd
In Battle purchas'd, and by Peace secur'd:

And they with *English* Gratitude began,
To feel the Favour and deſpiſe the Man.
But when they ſaw that his Protection ceas'd,
And Death had their Deliverer poſſeſt;
How Thunder-ſtruck they ſtood! What cries they rais'd,
They look'd like Men Diſtracted and Amaz'd:
Their Terror did their Conſcious Guilt explain,
And wiſh'd their injur'd Prince Alive again:
They Dream't of Halters, Gibbets and of Jails,
French Armies, Popery and Prince of *Wales*,
Deſcents, Invaſions, Uproars in the State,
Mobs, Iriſh Maſſacrees, and God knows what:
Imaginary Enemies appear'd,
And all they knew they Merited, they Fear'd.

'Tis ſtrange that Pride and Envy ſhould prevail,
To make Men's Senſe as well as Virtue fail;
That where they muſt depend they ſhould abuſe,
And ſlight the Man they were afraid to loſe.

But *William* had not Govern'd Fourteen Year,
To be an unconcern'd Spectator here.
His Works like Providence were all Compleat,
And made a Harmony we Wonder'd at.
The Legiſlative Power he ſet Free,
And led them ſtep by ſtep to Liberty,
'Twas not his Fault if they cou'd not Agree.
Impartial Juſtice He Protected ſo,
The Laws did in their Native Channels flow,
From whence our ſure Eſtabliſhment begun,
And *William* laid the firſt Foundation Stone:
On which the ſtately Fabrick ſoon appear'd,
How cou'd they ſink when ſuch a Pilot ſteer'd?

He

He taught them due defences to prepare,
And make their future Peace their present care;
By him directed, wisely they Decreed,
What Lines shou'd be expell'd, and what succeed;
That now he's Dead, there's nothing to be done,
But to take up the Scepter he laid down.

The Circle of this Order is so round,
So Regular as nothing can confound;
In Truth and Justice all the Lines Commence,
And Reason is the vast circumference:
William's the moving Center of the whole,
'T had else a Body been without a Soul.
Fenc't with just Laws, impregnable it stands,
And will for ever last in *Honest Hands*.

For Truth and Justice are the Immortal Springs,
Give Life to Constitutions and to Kings;
In either case, if one of these decay,
These can no more Command than those obey:
Right is the only Fountain of Command,
The Rock on which Authority must stand,
And if executive Power steps awry,
On either hand it splits on Tyranny:
Oppression is a plague on Mankind sent,
Infects the Vitals of a Government;
Convulsions follow, and such Vapours rise,
The Constitution Suffocates and Dies:
Law is the Grand Specific to restore,
And unobstructed, never fails to Cure,
All other Remedies compar'd to that,
Are Tampering and Quacking with the State.

The Constitution's like a vast Machine,
That's full of curious VVorkmanship within:
VVhere tho' the parts unwieldly may appear,
It will be put in Motion with a Hair.
The VVheels are Officers and Magistrates,
By which the whole contrivance Operates:
Laws are the VVeights and Springs which make it move,
VVound up by Kings as Managers above;
VVhich if they'r fet wid too high, or down too low,
The movement goes too fast, or else too slow.
The Legislators are the Engineers,
VVho when 'tis out of Order make Repairs:
The People are the Owners, 'twas for them,
The first Inventor drew the Ancient Scheme,
'Tis for their Benefit it works, and they
The Charges of maintaining it defray;
And if their Governours unfaithful prove,
They, Engineers or Mannagers remove.
Unkind Contention sometimes there appears,
Between the Managers and Engineers,
Such strife is always to the Owners wrong,
And *once* it made the work stand still too long,
Till *William* came and loos'd the Fatal Chain,
And set the Engineers to work again.
And having made the wond'rous thing compleat,
To *Anne*'s unerring hand he left the Helm of State.

Anne like *Elisha* when just *William* went,
Receiv'd the Mantle of his Government:
And by Divine Concession does inherit
A Double Portion of his Ruling Spirit,
The Dying Hero loaded with Renown,
Gave her the Nations Blessing with the Crown,
From God, the People, and Laws her own.

Told

Told her, that he had Orders from on high,
To lay aside the Government and Dye:
What he had Fought for, gave her up in Peace,
And chear'd Her Royal Heart with Prospect of Success.
While he, who Death in all its Shapes had seen,
With full Composure quiet and serene,
Passive and undisorder'd at his Fate,
Quitted the English Throne without Regret.
No Conscious Guilt disturb'd his Royal Breast,
Calm as the Regions of Eternal Rest:
Before his Life went out, his Heaven came in,
For all was bright without, and clear within.
The blest Rewards did to his sight appear,
The Passage easie, and the prospect near:
His parting Eye, the gladsom Regions spied,
Just so before, his Dear Maria *Dyed.*

His High concern for *England* he expres't,
England, the Darling of his Royal Breast:
The Transports of his parting Soul he spent,
Her dis united Parties to Lament,
His Wishes then supplied his want of Power,
And Pray'd for them, for whom he Fought before.

Speak Envy, if thou canst, inform us what
Cou'd this unthankful Nation Murmur at?
But Discontent was always our Disease,
For *English men* what Government can please,
We always had our Sons of *Belial* here,
Who knew no God nor Government to Fear:
No Wonder these dislik'd his Gentle sway,
Unwilling Homage to his Scepter Pay,
And only did for want of Power, obey,

Our

Some ſoft excuſe for them we might conceive,
Had he not been the Gentleſt Prince Alive:
Had he not born with an exalted Mind,
All that was diſobliging and unkind.
Peaceful and Tender Thoughts his Mind poſſeſs'd,
And High Superior Love conceal'd the reſt;
Our Diſcontents wou'd oft his Pity move,
But all his Anger was ſuppreſt by Love.
That Heaven-born Paſſion had ſubdu'd his Soul,
Poſſeſs'd the greateſt part, and Rul'd the whole:
This made him ſtrive his People to poſſeſs,
Which he had done, had he oblig'd 'em leſs.
He knew that Titles are but empty things,
And Hearts of Subjects are the ſtrength of Kings:
Juſtice and Kindneſs were his conſtant care,
He ſcorn'd to Govern Mankind by their Fear.

Their Univerſal Love he ſtrove to Gain,
'Twas hard that we ſhould make him ſtrive in vain;
That he ſhould here our *Engliſh* Humours find,
And we that he had ſav'd, ſhou'd be unkind.
By all endearing ſtratagems he ſtrove,
To draw us by the ſecret ſprings of Love:
And when he could not Cure our Diſcontent,
It always was below him to Reſent.

Nature was never ſeen in ſuch exceſs,
All Fury when Abroad, at Home all Peace:
In War all Fire and Blood, in Peace enclin'd,
To all that's Sweet, and Gentle, Soft and Kind,
Ingratitude for this, muſt needs Commence,
In want of Honeſty, or want of Senſe,

When

When King's to Luxury and Ease Resign'd,
Their Native Countries just defence declin'd;
This High pretending Nation us'd to plead,
What they'd perform, had they a King to lead,
What VVondrous Actions had by them been done,
When they had Martial Monarchs to lead on?
And if their Prince would but with *France* make VVar,
VVhat Troops of English Hero's wou'd appear?

William the bottom of their Courage found,
False like themselves, meer emptiness and sound;
For call'd by Fate to Fight for *Christendom*,
They sent their King abroad, and stay'd at Home;
VViſely declin'd the hazards of the War,
To Nouriſh Faction and Diſorders here.
VVrapt in Luxurious plenty they Debauch,
And load their Active Monarch with Reproach;
They ſtay at Home and teach him to command,
And Judge thoſe Actions which they dare not mend,
Backward in Deeds, but of their Cenſures free:
And blame that Conduct thy'r afraid to ſee:
Againſt the hand that ſaves them they exclaim,
And Curſe the ſtrangers, tho' they Fight for them.
Tho' ſome who wou'd excuſe the matter ſay,
They did not grudge their Service, but their Pay

VVhere are the Royal bands that now advance,
To ſpread his dreadful Banners into *France*.
Britannia's Noble Sons her Intereſt fly,
And Foreign Heroes muſt their place ſupply;
Much for the Fame of our Nobility

Poſterity

Posterity will be asham'd to hear,
Great *Britain's* Monarch did in Arms appear,
And scarce an English Nobleman was there.
Our Ancestors had never Conquer'd *France*,
For Kingdoms seldom are subdu'd by Chance:
Had *Talbot*, *Vere* and *Monmouth* with-held
The Glory, for the danger of the Field.

Had English Honesty been kept alive,
The Ancient English Glory would survive:
But Gallantry and Courage will decline,
Where *Pride* and all Confederate Vices joyn.

Had we kept up the Fame of former Years,
Landen had been as Famous as *Poictiers*;
Ormond and *Essex* had not Fought alone,
The only English Lords our Verse can own:
The only Peers of whom the VVorld can say,
That they for Honour Fought, and not for Pay.

A Regimented *Few* we had indeed,
VVho serv'd for neither Pride, nor Fame, but Bread;
Some Bully L---s, *Protection P---t*, and some
VVent out, because they durst not stay at Home.
Loaded with Noxious Vices they appear,
A scandal to the Nation and the VVar:
Heroes in Midnight scuffles with the VVatch,
And Lewd enough an Army to Debauch.
Flesh'd with cold Murthers and from Justice fled,
Pursu'd by Blood, in Drink and Darkness shed:
In vain they strive with Bravery to appear,
For where there's Guilt, there always will be Fear

These

These are the Pillars of the English Fame,
Such Peers as History must blush to Name.

When future Records to the World relate,
Marsaglia's Field and Gallant *Schomberg's* Fate:
VV——*was Captive made*, it was severe,
Fate took the *Honest Man*, and left the *Peer*.
The world owes Fame for Ages long before,
To the Great stile of *W*——which he bore:
But when we come the branches to compare,
'Tis a *Hero* Ancestor, a *Bully* Heir:
The Vertues the Posterity forsake,
And all their Gallant Blood is dwindl'd to a *Rake*.
More might be said, but *Satyr* stay thy Rhimes,
And mix not his misfortunes with his Crimes;
VVe need not Rake the Ashes of the Dead,
There's living Characters enough to Read.

How cou'd this Nation ever think of Peace?
Or how look up to Heaven for Success?
VVhile lawless Vice in Fleets and Camps appear'd,
And Oaths were louder than their Cannon heard:
No wonder English *Israel* has been said,
Before the French *Philistines* Fleet t' ha' fled.
VVhile *T*------*Embrac'd with Whores* appear'd,
And Vice it self the Royal Navy Steer'd.
William oppos'd their Crimes with steady hand,
By his Example First and then Command,
Prompted the Laws their Vices to suppress,
For which no doubt the Guilty Lov'd him less.

Ye Sons of Envy Railers at the Times,
Be Bold like English-Men and own your Crimes:

For ſhame put on no Black, but let us ſee
Your Habits always, and your Tongues agree.
Envy ne'r Bluſhes: Let it not be ſaid,
You Hate him Living and you Mourn him Dead:
No Sorrow ſhow where you no Love profeſs,
There are no Hypocrits in Wickedneſs.
Great Bonfires make, and tell the VVorld y' are glad:
Y' have loſt the greateſt Bleſſing e're you had:
So Mad-Men ſing in Nakedneſs and Chains,
For when the Senſe is gone, the Song remains.
So thankleſs *Iſrael*, when they were ſet free,
Reproach't the Author of their Liberty:
And wiſh't themſelves in *Egypt* back again;
VVhat pity 'twas they wiſh't, or wiſh't in vain?

Stop Satyr, let *Britannia* now relate
Her *VVilliam*'s Character, and her own Fate;
Let her to him a grateful Trophy raiſe,
She beſt can ſigh his Loſs that ſung his Praiſe.

BRITANNIA.

Of all my Sons by Tyranny bereft,
A VVidow deſolate and Childleſs left,
By Violence and Injury oppreſt,
To Heaven I caſt my Eyes, and ſigh'd the reſt.
I need but ſigh, for I was always heard,
And *VVilliam* on my welcome Shores appear'd,
VVith VVings of ſpeed to reſcue me he came,
And all my Sorrows vaniſh't into Flame.
New Joys ſprung up, new Triumphs now abound,
And all my Virgin Daughters hear the ſound:
Eternal Dances move upon my Plains,
And youthful Blood ſprings in my ancient Veins.

VVith

VVith open Arms I yielded my Embrace,
And *VVilliam* ſaw the Beauties of my Face.
He had before the knowledge of my Charms,
For he had my Maria *in his Arms.*
VVhile he remain'd, I gave eternal Spring,
Made him my Son, my Darling, and my King:
VVhile all the wondring VVorld my Choice approve,
Congratulate his Fate, and Juſtifie my Love.

Of *Britiſh* Blood in *Belgian* Plains he liv'd,
My only Foreign Off-ſpring that ſurviv'd.
Batavian Climates nouriſh't him a while,
Too great a Genius for ſo damp a Soil:
And freely then ſurrendred him to me,
For wiſe Men freely will the Fates obey.
Yet in my *William* they had equal Share,
And he defended them with equal Care.
They were the early Trophies of his Sword,
His Infant Hand their Liberty reſtor'd.
His Nurſe, the Belgick Lion, roar'd for Aid,
And planted early Lawrels on his Head.
His eaſie Victories amaz'd Mankind;
VVe wonder'd what the dreadful Youth deſign'd.
Fearleſs he Fought his Country to ſet Free,
And with his Sword Cut out their Liberty.
The Journals of his Actions always ſeem'd
So wondetful, as if the VVorld had dream'd:
So ſwift, ſo full of Terror he went on,
He was a Conqueror before a Man.

The *Bourbon* Sword, tho' it was brighter far,
Yet drawn for Conqueſt, and oppreſſive VVar,

Had all the triumphs of the VVorld Engroſt,
But quickly all thoſe Triumphs to him loſt.
Juſtice to *VVilliam* early Trophies brought;
VVilliam *for Truth and Juſtice always fought*;

He was the very Myſtery of War,
He gain'd by't when he was not Conqueror.
And if his Enemies a Battle won,
He might be beaten, they wou'd be undone.
Antæus like from every fall he roſe,
Strengthen'd with double Vigor to oppoſe;
Thoſe Actions Mankind judg'd Unfortunate,
Serv'd but as ſecret Steps to make him Great.
Then let them boaſt their Glory at *Landen*,
In vain th' Embattl'd Squadrons crowded in,
Their's was the Victory, the Conqueſt mine.

Of all the Heroes, Ages paſt adore,
Back to the firſt Great Man, and long before;
Tho' Virtue has ſometimes with Valour join'd,
The Barren world no Parallel can find.

If back to *Iſrael*'s Tents I ſhou'd retire,
And of the *Hebrew* Heroes there enquire,
I find no Hand did *Judah*'s Scepter wear,
Comes up to *William*'s Modern Character.
Namure's Gygantick Towers he o'erthrew:
David did leſs when he *Goliah* ſlew.
Here's no *Uriah*'s for Adult'ry ſlain,
Nor Oaths forgot to faithful *Jonathan*.
And if to *Jeſſe*'s Grandſon we ha' recourſe,
William his Wiſdom had *without his Whores*.

Joshua

Joshua might ſtill ha' ſtaid on *Jordan*'s Shore,
Muſt he, as *William* did the *Boyne*, paſs o're.
Almighty Power was forc'd to interpoſe,
And frighted both the Water and his Foes;
But had my *William* been to paſs that Stream,
God needed not to part the waves for him.
Not Forty Thouſand *Canaanites* could ſtand,
In ſpight of Waves or *Canaanites* he'd land:
Such Streams ne'er ſtemm'd his Tide of Victory;
No, not the Stream; no, nor the Enemy.

His Bombs and Cannon wou'd ha' made the wall,
Without the Help of Jewiſh Ram's-Horns, fall.
When his dear *Iſrael* from their Foes had fled,
Becauſe of ſtoln Spoils by *Achan* hid:
He'd ne'er, like *Joshua*, on the Ground ha' laid,
He'd certainly ha' fought as well as pray'd.

The Sun would rather ha' been thought to ſtay,
Amaz'd to ſee how ſoon he had won the Day,
Than to give time the *Canaanites* to ſlay.

The Greateſt Captains of the Ages paſt,
Debauch'd their Fame with Cruelty at laſt:
William did only Tyrants Subdue;
Theſe Conquer'd Kings, and then the People too.
The Subjects reap'd no Profit for their Pains,
And only chang'd their Maſters, not their Chains;
Their Victories did for themſelves appear,
And made their Peace as dreadful as the War:
But *William* fought, Oppreſſion to deſtroy,
That Mankind might in Peace the World enjoy.

The

The *Pompeys*, *Cæsars*, *Scipios*, *Alexanders*,
Who croud the World with Fame, were great Com-
(manders;
These too brought Blood and Ruin with their Arms,
But *William* always fought on other Terms:
Terror indeed might in his Front appear,
But Peace and Plenty follow'd in his Rear:
And if Oppression forc'd him to contend,
Calmness was all his Temper, Peace his End:
He was the only Man we e'er saw fit
To regulate the world, or Conquer it.
VVho can his Skill in Government Gainsay,
He that cou'd *England*'s brittle Scepter sway,
VVhere Parties too much rule, and Kings obey?
He always reign'd by Gentleness and Love,
An Emblem of the Government above.

Vote me not Childless then in Christendom,
I yet have Sons in my suspended VVomb;
And 'till just Fate such due Provision makes,
A Daughter my Protection undertakes.
Crowns know no Sexes, and my Covernment
To either kind admits a just Descent.
Queens have to me been always fortunate,
E'er since my *English Phœnix* rul'd the State;
VVho made my People rich, my Country Great.

Satyr be just, and when we lash their Crimes,
Mingle some Tears for *William* with our Rhimes.
Tho' Baseness and Ingratitude appear,
Thank Heaven that we ha' weeping Millions here:
Then speak our hearty Sorrows, if you can,
Superior Grief in feeling VVords explain:

Accents

Accents that wound, and all the Senſes numb,
And while they ſpeak, may ſtrike the Hearer dumb:
Such Grief as never was for King before,
And ſuch as never, never, ſhall be more.

See how Authority comes weeping on,
And view the Queen lamenting on his Throne.
With Juſt Regret ſhe takes the Sword of State,
Not by her Choice directed, but his Fate;
Accepts the ſad Neceſſity with Tears,
And mournfully for Government prepares.
The Peoples Acclamations ſhe receives
With ſadden'd Joy, and a Content that grieves.

View next the ſad Aſſemblies that appear,
To tell their Grief for Him, and Joy for Her.
The firſt confounds the laſt with ſuch Exceſs,
They hardly can their noble Thoughts expreſs;
The illuſtrious Troop addreſs her to condole,
And ſpeak ſuch Grief as wounds her to the Soul:
They lodge their Sorrows in the Royal Breaſt;
The Harbour where the Nation looks for Reſt.

Next theſe, the Repreſentatives ariſe
With all the Nation's Sorrow in their Eyes.
The Epithets they righteouſly apply
To the Reſtorer of their Liberty,
Are Tokens of their Senſe and Honeſty:
For as a Body loves our Words ſo true,
But 'tis our Parties that our Peace undo.
Who can like them the Peoples Grief expreſs?
They ſhew her all the Tokens Exceſs;
O'erwhelm'd with Sorrow, and ſuppreſt with Care,
They place the Nation's Refuge now in her:

Nothing

Nothing but her Succeſſion cou'd abate
The Nation's Sorrow for their Monarch's Fate:
And nothing but his Fate cou'd their true Joy
For her Succeſſion leſſen or deſtroy.

The Civil *Sword* to her, as Heaven ſaw fit,
With general Satisfaction they commit:
How can it in a Hand like hers miſcarry?
But who ſhall for us weild the Military?
Who ſhall the jarring Generals unite;
Firſt teach them to agree, and then to fight?
VVho ſhall renew'd Alliances contrive,
And keep the vaſt Confederacies alive?
Who ſhall the growing Gallick Force ſubdue?
'Twas more than all the World, but him, cou'd do.

Sighs for departed Friends are ſenſleſs things,
But 'tis not ſo when Nations mourn for Kings:
When wounded Kingdoms ſuch a Loſs complain,
As Nature never can repair again;
The Tyrant Grief, like Love, obeys no Laws,
But blindly views the Effect, and not the Cauſe.

Dark are the Works of *Sovereign Providence*,
And often claſh with our contracted *Sence*:
But if we might with Heavens Decrees debate,
And of our Maker's VVorks expoſtulate.
Why ſhou'd he form a Mind ſupreamly great,
And to his Charge commit the Reins of Fate,
And at one haſty Blow the world defeat?
A Blow ſo ſudden, ſo ſevere and ſwift,
VVe had no time for Supplication left:

As

As if Almighty Power had been afraid,
Such Prayers wou'd by ſuch Multitudes be made;
Such *Moſes*'s wou'd to his Altars go,
To whom he never did, or wou'd ſay no;
He hardly cou'd know how to ſtrike the Blow.

For Prayer ſo much the Soveraign Power commands,
Ev'n God himſelf ſometimes as conquer'd ſtands,
And calls for Quarter at the Wreſtler's Hands.

How Strenuous then had been the Sacred Strife,
While all the kneeling World had begg'd his Life,
With all that Earneſtneſs of Zeal, and more
Than ever Nation begg'd for King before?
See how the neighbouring Lands his Fame improve,
And by their Sorrows teſtifie their Love;
Sprinkle his Memory with grateful Tears,
And hand his Glory to ſucceeding Years.

VVith what Contempt will *Engliſh* Men appear,
VVhen future Ages read his Character?
They'll never bear to hear in time to come,
How he was lov'd abroad, and ſcorn'd at home.
The VVorld will ſcarce believe it cou'd be true,
And Vengeance muſt ſuch Inſolence purſue.
Our Nation will by all Men be abhorr'd,
And *William*'s juſter Fame be ſo reſtor'd.

Poſterity, when Hiſtories relate
His Glorious Deeds, will ask, *What Giant's that?*
For common Vertues may Mens Fame advance,
But an immoderate Glory turns Romance.

Its real Merit does it self undo,
Men talk it up so high it can't be true:
So *William*'s Life, encreas'd by doubling Fame,
VVill drown his Actions to preserve his Name.
The Annals of his Conduct they'll revise,
As Legends of impossibilities.
'Twill all a Life of Miracles appear,
Too great for Him to do, or Them to hear.
And if some faithful Writer shou'd set down
With what Uneasiness he wore the Crown;
VVhat thankless Devil had the Land possest?
This will be more prodigious than the rest.
VVith Indignation 'twill their Minds inspire,
And raise the Glory of his Actions higher.
The Records of their Fathers they'll Deface,
And blush to think they sprung from such a Race.
They'll be asham'd their Ancestors to own,
And strive their Father's Follies to atone.
New Monuments of Gratitude they'll raise,
And Crown his Memory with Thanks and Praise.

Thou, Satyr, shalt the grateful Few rehearse,
And solve the Nation's Credit in thy Verse:
Embalm his Name with Characters of Praise,
His Fame's beyond the Power of Time to raise.

From him let future Monarchs learn to Rule,
And make his lasting Character their School.
For he who wou'd in time to come be Great,
Has nothing now to do but imitate.
Let dying Parents when they come to bless,
VVish to their Children only his Success.

Here

Here their Inſtructions very well may end,
William's Example only recommend,
And leave the Youth his Hiſtory t'attend.

But we have here an Ignominious Croud,
That boaſt their Native Birth, and Engliſh Blood,
Whoſe Breaſts with Envy and Contention burn,
And now rejoyce when all the Nations mourn:
Their awkward Triumphs openly they Sing;
Inſult the Aſhes of their injur'd King;
Rejoyce at the Diſaſters of his Crown;
And Drink the Horſe's Health that threw him down.

Bluſh, Satyr! when ſuch Crimes we muſt reveal,
And draw a ſilent Curtain to conceal,
Actions ſo vile ſhall ne'er debauch our Song;
Let Heaven alone, tho' Juſtice ſuffers long.
Her Leaden Wings, and Iron Hands may ſhow
That ſhe is certain, tho' ſhe may be ſlow.
His Foreign Birth was made the Fam'd pretence,
Which gave our Home-Born Engliſhmen Offence.
But Diſcontent's the ancient Engliſh Faſhion,
The Univerſal Blemiſh of the Nation.
And 'tis a Queſtion, whether God cou'd make
That King whom every Engliſhman wou'd *like*?
Nor is it any Paradox to ſay,
William *had more of Engliſh Blood than they*;
The *Royal Life* flow'd in his ſprightly Veins,
The ſame that in the *Noble Stock* remains;
The ſame which now his Glorious Scepter wields,
To whom Three Nations juſt Obedience yields.

ANNE,

ANNE, the remaining Glory of our Isle,
Well she becomes the Royal English Stile:
In *William*'s Steps sedately she proceeds,
William's *a Patern to Immortal Deeds.*
Preserves his Memory with generous Care;
Forgetting him, is Disobliging her;
Where shall the murmuring Party then appear!
Where won'd the Nation, but for her, ha' found
So safe a Cure for such a sudden Wound?
And cou'd she but as well the Camp supply,
The World the sooner wou'd their grief lay by;
But there the Fatal Breach is made so wide,
That Loss can never, never be---- supply'd.
Ye Men of Arms, and English Sons of VVar,
Now learn from him how you may Fight for her;
Your Grief for him express upon her Foes,
For VVilliam *lov'd such Funeral Tears as those.*

'Tis *VVilliam*'s Glorious Scepter which she bears,
Like *VVilliam* she for Liberty appears.
She Mounts to Honour by the Steps of Truth,
And his Example Imitates in Both.
'Tis you must make her blooming Fame Increase,
'Tis you must bring her Honour, VVealth and Peace;
And let it once more to the VVorld be seen,
Nothing can make us Greater than a Queen.

FINIS.

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